

Sketch

Volume 20, Number 3

1954

Article 6

Lonely Is the Soul

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<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Lonely Is the Soul

Winifred Dowat

Abstract

Lonely is the soul, That is enbalmed In ancient fears...

stuck out the window, going very fast with little pieces of gravel hitting your arm, and the radio up as high as it will go.

There are so many things

You can't say why.

You don't know why.

. they are just good.

— *Jo Brown, H. Ec. So.*



Lonely Is the Soul

Lonely is the soul,
That is enbalm'd
In ancient fears.

Lonely is the soul
That breathes too slowly
of the enchanted air.

Lonely is the soul,
Like the cold tacit star,
Like the frozen brook,
Like the meadow lark
without a field.

Lonely, lonely, is the soul.
Even love with tenderness
Can not unlace the leather thongs
That bind it in its lonely space.

Only God's grace can find
it a resting place.

— *Winifred W. Dowat, Sci. So.*